

EDITORIALS

HOW TO GIVE EUROPE A WORTHY LINCOLN MONUMENT

THE public must not tire of this Lincoln controversy, because it is of profound significance. It is no longer a matter of placing in London and Paris a statue worthy of Lincoln and the American people; it involves this supreme question: Shall we in America go further than we have towards tolerating degenerate art and all the immorality and anarchism that has been back of it during its rapid growth since 1890?

Art is dynamic. It is acted upon by its creators and reacts upon them. Like the fabrication of a Frankenstein monster, if art becomes monstrous it will eat up the creators by a slow or rapid corrosive degeneracy. Art and life are Siamese twins, an inseparable duality; kill one you kill both, degrade one you degrade the other.

When will the American public open its eyes to this portentous truth?

When will the American people wake and grasp the simple principle that all degenerate art is based on a deliberate lie? First, on the deliberate *distortion and deformation of the form*; second, on an immoral conception of a chosen subject?

When will the American public begin to see the menace of degenerate art? These are becoming leading questions among those who are anxious about preserving in a healthy condition our civilization.

We wish to warn our people most earnestly that neurosis is on the increase not only in the world at large but also in the world of art.

There are hundreds of thousands of artists. It is fair to claim that among these the percentage of insane and near insane, of criminally inclined, is nearly the same as in society in general. But even though the percentage may be less, it is still sufficiently near to justify us in saying that there are in the world of art more than enough men who are half-sane and half-insane and whom we may call "The Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes of art," who will insure the production of an appalling crop of works half-insane or totally insane, partly immoral or totally vicious, unless society stamps upon the slightest manifestation of intellectual or moral abnormality or pornographic intentions. It behooves the public to instantly resent all extravagance of form. No matter what neurotic artists or critics or editors may say, such works of art should be brushed aside like pestiferous flies if the public is anxious to keep our civilization surely, even though slowly, progressing from the animal toward the spiritual.

All those neurotics in the world of art who are either complete or near degenerates are crying out

for absolute liberty of choice of subject and expression, not only in their manner of saying things but in what they crave to say. They are clamoring for "liberty in art," the old slogan of the moral Helots who since the days of Pausan—whom the Greeks called "rhyparographer" [dirt-painter] have aided the filling of the Augean stables with moral and intellectual filth. These are being helped by all the *individualistes à l'outrance* who judge art only by its "originality" no matter how bad it may be.

Here we have Mr. MacMonnies coming to the aid of Mr. Barnard's "Lincoln," at the request of Colonel Harvey, editor of the *North American Review*, and in a manner utterly incomprehensible to his friends:

"In response to Colonel Harvey's request to write my views on Barnard's "Lincoln" I feel called upon to say before doing so that I consider a *nation-wide organized* attack upon the serious work of any intellectual—whether scientist, musician or artist—with the object of preventing its being carried out, is a dangerous precedent." Either this is intellectual rot or the attack on Barnard's statue has really become a "nation-wide organized attack." Well, if the attack has grown to that, it is proof that the nation condemns the statue. For you cannot organize a nation-wide attack against anything unless the nation responds quickly to an appeal to stop a dangerous thing—because a nation is too busy to respond to trivial disagreements. Did this occur to Editor Harvey, or was he nodding from too much brain-fag when he passed Mr. MacMonnies' letter? If the normal nation has condemned Barnard's bronze, this is the greatest proof that it is a crime against the nation; it will be a double crime to set up two such bronze hoboos in London and Paris and dub them "Lincoln."

As for its being an "organized attack"—this is a figment of Mr. MacMonnies' imagination. If he will show even the beginning of any organization of a nation-wide attack he will do a greater public service than he does by retailing fraudulent gossip before investigating its truth.

May one be permitted to ask Mr. MacMonnies: "How about the organized attempt by a small clique in the A. P. C. Committee to sneak this despised statue over to Europe without giving the American people a chance to see it, to discuss it and to approve or disapprove it?"

Mr. MacMonnies says further:

"As I told my friend Barnard: had his statue been the work of an unknown artist and it seemed

to me hopelessly bad, my defense of it against a *barbarous boycott* would be identical. I believe in liberty of action and freedom of expression, in speech, in sculpture, in everything. I could envy the man who had the courage of his opinion to shed encumbrances and live in an ash-barrel." This is the language of all of the anarchistic and immoral Bolsheviks in the world of politics and of art. "We want freedom of expression and action! We artists are gods—do as we please—and the public be damned!"

One of the greatest architects America has produced lately recounted his amazement at the bestial immorality he had seen in 1912 at the art exhibitions of Berlin, Munich, Vienna and Rome—worse even than in the Salons of Paris and London; and how the late Professor Carter, Director of the American Academy in Rome, said to him that immorality in the world of art had become so extreme that nothing but a great cataclysm like a consuming world-pest or earthquake could do it justice. He predicted a world-war in consequence of all the prevailing vice in high places, of which the contemporary Modernistic Art was a reflex. This was in 1912. The war came in 1914. This immorality and debasement in life and art were the direct result of "*liberty in action and freedom of expression in speech, sculpture and in everything!*"

Now this immorality has been slopping over from Europe into America for some ten years. Unless we garrote this anarchistic license in speech, in action and in art, there will be no use for President Wilson to ask his fellow citizens to get together to stem this soul-leprosy of social anarchy in the name of Democracy.

By what right do we restrain the "liberty in speech and action and everything" of our youths, from twenty-one to thirty-one, and constrain them to go into the trenches three thousand miles across the sea—many of them against the will of their families? By the right that every man must contribute his share to the life of the state—or get out of it!

Why this silly yelping for "Liberty in art"! when there is no liberty in life? We have no such things as fundamental liberty. We have only the liberty which the majority says we can enjoy. And the majority can take away any liberty we have, even the lives of the entire minority—if the preservation of the majority makes it necessary. Therefore every human being is a slave to the fundamental laws—necessary to preserve society from sliding into Tophet. These laws were in part suggested by the Cosmic Volition and adopted by the majority of men, and he who deliberately violates one of them should take his punishment like a man and reform, or get off the earth.

One of these laws is: "Thou shalt not Lie—in life or in art!"

Another is: "Thou shalt not pornograph—either in life or in art!"

By the same law every artist has the right to flay every other artist whose intellectual or moral depravity becomes sufficiently great to allow him to express it in his art.

We are happy to say that this point of view is sustained by the United States Supreme Court in a

brief made public on December 9, 1917, in regard to the Selective Draft Law in which the Supreme Court says: "There is no absolute freedom in civilized societies."

"Illustrations might be cited without number to show that in order to protect the liberties of the people as a whole the individual citizen may incidentally or temporarily be restrained of his liberties.

"The few who are compelled to serve (in the military service) do so that the many who remain at home at the present time, and the generations to come in the future, may enjoy those blessings of freedom which this government was established to secure."

The same principle holds good in morals and in art. In order that society shall not be fundamentally corrupted into a mass of putrid sensuality the "individual" artist who is bent upon committing spiritual "hari-kari" by indulging in license "in speech and in everything" must be restrained and deprived of his liberty or license.

Mr. MacMonnies seems to think we have criticised Mr. Barnard's statue because of its *manner of surface modeling*, his technique, his *craftsmanship*, for he says: "Every great *Craftsman* freed himself from conventional formulas." Had he learned how to think straight instead of "smart," and read THE ART WORLD carefully, he would know that it has not blamed Mr. Barnard as a *modeler* or *craftsman* in attacking his "Lincoln." It is not a question of *craftsmanship*. It is a matter of *proper characterization* of Lincoln, of the truthful representation of the man and of American civilization in two of the leading capitals of the world. It is not a question of Mr. Barnard's technique but of his *conception of Lincoln*, which is not only absolutely false but degrading. Mr. Barnard did not give us the "real Lincoln" as he thinks. He gave us his whining, weeping *idea* of Lincoln, an idea charged with the silly pest of patheticism—the fundamental source of the dangerous pacifism-at-any-price which has been manifested by the pathetics of the country even in the face of the world-crisis in which—if we are to conquer—we require the united support and every ounce of force of every virile inhabitant.

Will it ever filter into Mr. MacMonnies' brain that *Craftsmanship* is not art—that it is merely *skill* and only a part of a work of art, of which the elements of *Conception*, *Composition* and *Expression* are the most important parts by far? Just now he is so obsessed with the supreme importance of mere surface technique and "handling" that he thinks only in terms of *craftsmanship*—which no one despises when it comes to properly finishing a great *conception* and *composition*. It is not at all a matter of an artist's surface manner of saying a thing but the supreme question: *What does he say?* Is it True, is it Good, is it Beautiful? That is the question!

Mr. MacMonnies refers to Michelangelo as one who had "freed himself from conventional formulas." What "formulas"?—of technique or morals?



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Certainly not the latter. And his greatest works are those in which he approximated closely to the "conventional formulas" set by the Greeks. Did he not in his old age and when half blind caressingly fondle the Greek "Torso Belvidere"?

When Mr. MacMonnies intimates that Michelangelo did not severely criticise his contemporary rivals, he simply shows his ignorance of history. When Bandinelli set up his deformed "Hercules and Cacus" in front of the Uffizi, who was the most severe in his denunciation of it?—Michelangelo! He was one of the most vociferous of those who joined a "barbarous boycott" against it. He said: "It looks like a sack of melons." Moreover, Michelangelo was fiercely jealous of Raphael and other artists of his day and lampooned many of their works. Did he believe in "freedom of expression, in speech, in sculpture, in everything"? Not he! He mercilessly attacked all works which appeared to him intellectually or morally bad. And did not Velasquez go on record as attacking Raphael? Did he not say: "As for me, I do not like him! It is at Venice that one finds good painting, and Titian holds the banner!"

Mr. MacMonnies also makes the childish cry: "Of all stagnation standardization is the most sodden." This is a fling at Our Standard, the one we use, the one we did not create but *adopted* because it was adopted by every great artist of the Greek, Renaissance and modern epochs from Homer down to Emerson. No artist since the world began ever made a truly great work of art who did not follow this standard. Because it is based on common-sense and the fundamental constitution of man. Of this standard the formula alone is our own, and we take the liberty of gently whispering into the ears of all those who hate this standard, that the further they depart from it the surer are their creations destined for the scrap-pile in succeeding epochs.

Every tyro in æsthetics knows that variety is the spice of life as well as of art. But he also knows that *variety* does not mean *monstrosity*, which two ideas both Mr. Barnard and Mr. MacMonnies seem to have confounded. Nature's first aim is to create variety, and the second is to kill all monstrosity whenever it appears—by a departure from normal types, even when it occurs in her own handiwork in her efforts to create variety. Whenever nature wills the creation of a man and there appears a cross between a Hottentot and a chimpanzee she destroys it. In art the same should occur. In art we expect a statue of Lincoln to represent Lincoln, not a whining, weeping hobo, made according to the insane formula of the "deformation of the form" so popular in neurotic circles.

The rule of THE ART WORLD is: Praise a good work as much as you can; ignore a mediocre work as much as you can; hit a bad work as hard as you can!

We take a final issue with Mr. MacMonnies when he says:

"Mr. Barnard has given his vision of Lincoln, personal, human, absolutely sincere; doubly interesting, as presenting another point of view than the

majestic Lincoln of Saint-Gaudens. A distinguished Committee has decided to present the statue abroad, *as it conveys their idea of Lincoln*, and they have a *perfect right to do so*, even if other American citizens, equally distinguished, prefer another statue."

The incurable trouble with this is that the Barnard bronze so far as the distinguished Committee is concerned, absolutely does not *convey their idea of Lincoln*. Why? Because the distinguished Committee—sad to say—first offered to England and France "the majestic Lincoln of Saint-Gaudens"! It was only when they found that they could not dig the money out of their own pockets or out of the general Committee's pockets—so it is reported—the few promoters of this scheme in the Executive Committee asked Mr. Charles P. Taft to help them out of a hole and pay for replicas of Mr. Barnard's "Lincoln," to which request he generously acceded. So these few gentlemen recalled their offer of the Saint-Gaudens statue—which does really "convey their idea of Lincoln"—and offered as a substitute the unmajestic Lincoln of Mr. Barnard, which, we have solid reason to know, does not "convey their idea of Lincoln." This proves that Mr. MacMonnies is simply a victim of the mania to "butt in" where angels fear to tread, since he is ignorant of the true inwardness of the whole case which, so far, has not yet been all told.

But what makes his intrusion silly is his saying that the distinguished Committee *has the right* to send the Barnard statue abroad. He seems to be ignorant of the fact that this statue is offered, not in the name of a private committee to another private committee, for a private garden in Europe, but by a small clique of an executive committee, running a large public committee, and which main committee is ignorant of what is being done in its name, and that this small clique is offering this statue, not in the name of a private individual, but in the *name of and as representative of the civilization of the American people!* That's where the shoe pinches. If this were a private affair we would—after our June article—have treated Mr. Barnard's Hobo in Bronze with contempt. But when this atrocity was offered as a gift of the American people to the people of England and France it became a matter of supreme importance to this nation—and this justifies us in the attacks we have made upon it.

A public monument is not a "private snap" for the parading of the neurotic stunts of an "individualist"; it is a public avenue for the public expression of public emotions, hopes and aspirations. As such it is the most sacred thing in any society. The sooner Mr. MacMonnies and his sympathizers grasp this fundamental truth the sooner shall we have something more than merely clever art.

Since the A. P. C. Committee has plunged the country into an *impasse* in the Lincoln statue matter; and assuming that no replica of any existing statue but an entirely new statue is to be sent abroad, how are we going to get out of this muddle with honor and credit to ourselves and to a proper apotheosis of Lincoln abroad?

The first thing in order to obtain a worthy statue of Lincoln—above all for Europe—is to get back to the common-sense slogan current in the world of

art since Plato's day: the True, the Good and the Beautiful—away from the untrue, the bad and ugly, which have been increasingly tolerated since the triumph of an anarchistic "individualism" consisting in a silly art for art's sake doing what we please and "the public be damned"! That is bad enough in a man's private work but—it should be flayed when manifested in a public work of any kind.

The second thing to obtain a fine statue of Lincoln is to make a true estimate of Lincoln's fundamental characteristics.

To do this we must get away from the Pathetic Fallacy. Patheticism is a soul-leprosy, a mixture of neurosis and of lacrimose sentimentality. It has led many literary fellows astray to write things about Lincoln, his "sadness" and "melancholy," his "ugliness," "ungainliness," his "Christlikeness," etc., etc., so untrue that they no doubt have made Lincoln's spirit groan in the Beyond! For if there ever was a man who was the incarnation of common-sense and was not sad, nor melancholy, nor a "wistful weeper of tearful wetness"—it was Lincoln. If ever there was a man who could have been in Emerson's mind when he said: "A serene face is success enough in life and the end of nature attained!"—it was Lincoln.

It is excruciatingly funny to see literary men, and women especially, overlook the chief and salient characteristic of Lincoln—his ever-present sense of humor and a leaning toward the funny. Had he not been a wise politician he would have gone the way of Sunset Cox and Proctor Knott, who destroyed their chances of becoming President by indulging too often in wit and "funny business." For the world does not elect "funny" men to the offices of King or President. What helped Lincoln to look serious and save him from the fate of those two brilliant men was the lack of plumpness in the face and his generally sallow complexion when in repose—which, when he was in deep thought, even when he was digging up a funny fable or joke, made him *appear* melancholy. But this was instantly changed, according to all witnesses both living and dead who knew Lincoln, into the fascinating alertness and serenity of a conqueror the moment he got animated in a conversation. He *looked* sad when he was *preoccupied*—even when he laughed internally. Query: did he not often laugh internally when he looked the saddest? And even though he did write some immortal poetry he would have scorned the "pathetic fallacy" which neurotic pathetic writers have built round his personality. As to this, his friend Rankin says in "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln": "Writers of sensational biography and fiction in their many pages have done their worst and exhausted the resources of historic *fiction* to write him *down to their level* and to the level of persons and associates among whom he lived but to whom he never belonged—never was one of them in *active sympathy*." And thus the comparing him to the "Hero on the Cross" and to the "Man of Calvary" is blasphemous drivel; the mere fact that Lincoln had some bad days of trouble and sadness and was assassinated did not make him "the saddest of men."

We have reproduced a score of photographs of him and in not one is there a glimmer of sadness or melancholy. All these show a strikingly serene,

even smiling face. How childish therefore all this mushy woefulness about him, the effect of sloppy "patheticism."

Lincoln was a conqueror, physically, intellectually and spiritually. Else he would never have been elected President by the American people. Nor could he have held out against the idiotic "patheticism" of the cowardly copperhead pacifists-at-any-price of his day. Had he not conquered them and their pathetic twaddle, there would be no United States to-day!

Mr. Barnard was also a victim of this patheticism. Listen to him:

"People say who saw: 'Lincoln often looked the Christ.' This face is infinitely nearer an expression of our Christ character than all the conventional pictures of the 'Son of God.' That symbolic head, with its long hair parted in the middle and features that never lived, is the creation of artists, Lincoln's face the triumph of God through man and of man through God. One, fancy; the other, truth at labor. Lincoln, the son of democracy written by God. His face the temple of his manhood we have with us in the life-mask." Shade of Michelangelo, do not smile! How Lincoln's spirit must haw-haw as it listens to this epistolary camouflage! This yellow streak of patheticism runs all through his thinking about and modeling of his statue. Was this written to inveigle the sympathies of all the old women, victims of the lacrimose patheticism, which like a leprosy has been slowly gnawing away at the souls of many semi-neurotics, hook-worming their minds and pelagraing their moral energy? Mr. Barnard says:

"I found the many photographs retouched so that all form had been obliterated. This fact I have never seen in print. [This, for the simple reason that it is not true.] The eyes and mouth carry a message but the rest was stippled over, to prettify this work of God, by the photographers of the time. Nearing election, they feared his ugly lines might lose him the Presidency. So the lines were softened down, softened in cloudy shades of nothingness—this man, made like the oak trees and granite rocks. To most, the life-mask is a dead thing; to the artist life's architecture."

What downright bunco camouflage this is, is proven by the fact that Lincoln was never thought of for the Presidency by any one until after his Cooper Union speech, February 27, 1860, and that the finest beardless photographs we have of him and the priceless life-mask were taken long before that speech in Chicago and were absolutely untouched, as even the half-tone reproduction on page 271 proves. Moreover, no intelligent sculptor dreams of following, entirely, any of the photographs—since we have, not a death-mask, but a *life-mask* to go by in order to check up the absolute correctness of the best photographs. Why all this cuttlefish balderdash? to throw dust in the eyes of the unthinking?

A silly poet, we will protect his name, who jumped in to celebrate Mr. Barnard's debasing apotheosis of *rough labor*, rants thus:

"Unshapely feet—but they were such as trod
The wine-press of God's judgment on a land."

* * *

"Ungainly hands—but they were such as plucked
Thistles and planted flowers in their stead."

* * *

"Uncomely face—but it was such as wore
The prints of vigil and the years of grief."

* * *

"Unsightly back—but it was such as bore
The bruises of a nation's chastisement,
For see the double-cross welted thereon
The emblem of the statesman's Calvary!"

Well, Mr. Barnard surely did "double-cross" Lincoln when he made his hobo in bronze and called it "Lincoln," as did the poet when he engendered this screed in which he puts the stigmata of desecrating untruthfulness, deformity and ugliness on the poor statue as well as on poor Lincoln. Barnard might truthfully say: "Oh, Lord, save me from my friends; I can take care of my enemies myself!"

Another poet, grown silly, and who should know better, and whose name we will also protect, said:

"Am I offended by the big sturdy feet? Not at all. He had acquired those feet plowing the fields and trudging the wild country roads. (*Sic.*) Am I offended by the big, sturdy hands clasped tenderly over his body? Not at all. Lincoln earned those hands with honest toil. Those hands represent the whole struggle of his life, his tragic struggle with the long poverty that beset his way."

In view of the fact that photographs on page 274 of this issue show that Lincoln had small, narrow, slender feet—in proportion to his size—and not the flat-boat contraptions of Mr. Barnard's bronze as was shown in previous photographs that Lincoln had already, as early as 1860, hands of a womanly delicacy and grace unusual for a man of force, the above demagogic appeal to the "laboring man" is moonshine. Even in his flat-boat pushing days Lincoln never had such chimpanzee hands and dromedary feet (see page 275 and the last issue of *THE ART WORLD*).

Moreover, after he took up law at 22 years of age he did not do a day's work of manual labor. Nor could the toil of his boyhood days have left their imprint upon his hands and feet and form. There are any number of men in New York to-day who are elegant in hands, feet and form who worked longer on farms, in lumber camps and in mines than Lincoln ever did. They have no trace of that labor left anywhere on their persons!

We belong to those who give Lincoln the utmost possible sympathy. We give him our homage and admiration, but no tears, because he himself would scorn them. Henry Ward Beecher said:

"Pass on, thou Victor!

"Four years ago, O Illinois, we took from you an untried man, and from the people; we return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's!"

Kenyon Cox tells a story about Douglas Volk, the painter, son of Leonard Volk, who made the life-mask of Lincoln, and which story is confirmed by Mr. Douglas Volk himself:

"The younger Volk was a pupil of Gérôme in Paris and thought that a copy of the life-mask his father had made might be an agreeable gift to his master. Gérôme had probably heard, as every one has, that Lincoln was an ugly man, and he expressed his delighted surprise at the real face as shown in this authentic reproduction. My recollection is that, as given me, his words were to the effect: 'But this is a beautiful head—a magnificent head. It might be the head of a Roman general.'"

Lincoln conquered in every important enterprise he ever undertook—from guiding a flat-boat down the Mississippi to New Orleans to guiding the nation through the Civil War to a reunion. Therefore the serenity of soul, the self-confidence of a victor and the wisdom of our President should be the triune point of view from which the sculptor should approach a statue of Lincoln—above all when it is destined to represent him and this nation in the capitals of Europe. The Saint-Gaudens "Lincoln" was made from that point of view and ended in a majestic statue. The same high result, but in different form, can again be obtained from this point of view.

The third thing to remember in making a statue of Lincoln—for Europe above all—is that he must be shown as the President and as nothing else than the President, therefore with a beard. And the sculptor should not copy a mongrel, white-trash, gnarled and deformed rail-splitter from the backwoods of Kentucky as Mr. Barnard confesses he did, but use all the photographs shown in *THE ART WORLD* from the June issue forward—and of course the life-mask.

For a public square in Europe the statue should be a standing statue, in bronze. If it is to go inside some hall, it should be a marble statue—standing or seated.

The sculptor who receives the commission should be under the control of a large committee of architects, sculptors and writers in addition to the National Commission of Fine Arts sitting in Washington and backed up by Congress and the President. This, in order to hold him down to avoid all "artistic stunts" in the direction of the "deformation of the form." He should be held to do as Shakespeare said:

"To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature,"

that is—be as true as possible to the chief characteristics of Lincoln's body, face and spirit.

Finally, let him burn into his mind Tennyson's splendid lines:

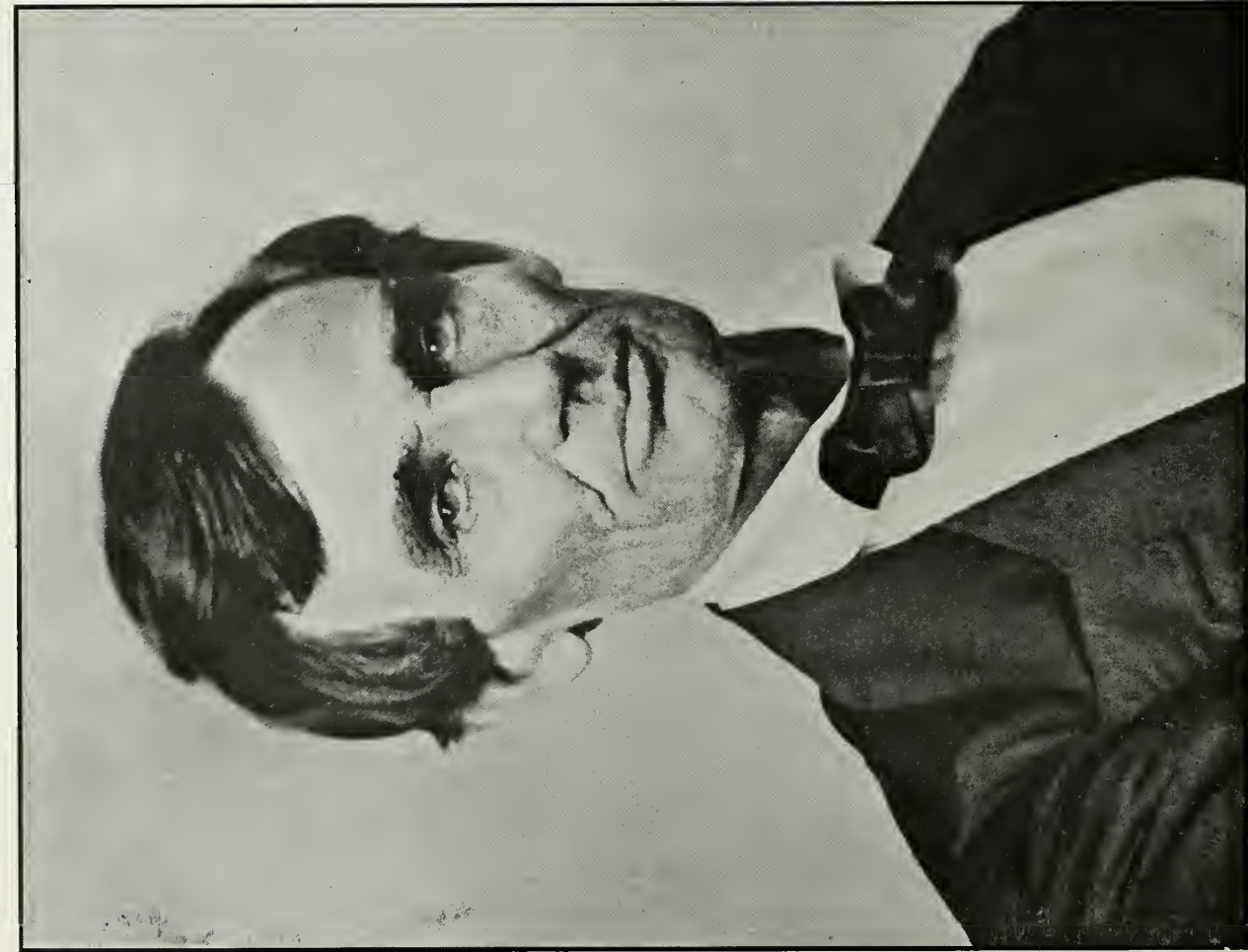
Dost thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar
And grasps the skirts of happy chance
And breasts the blows of circumstance
And grapples with his evil star.



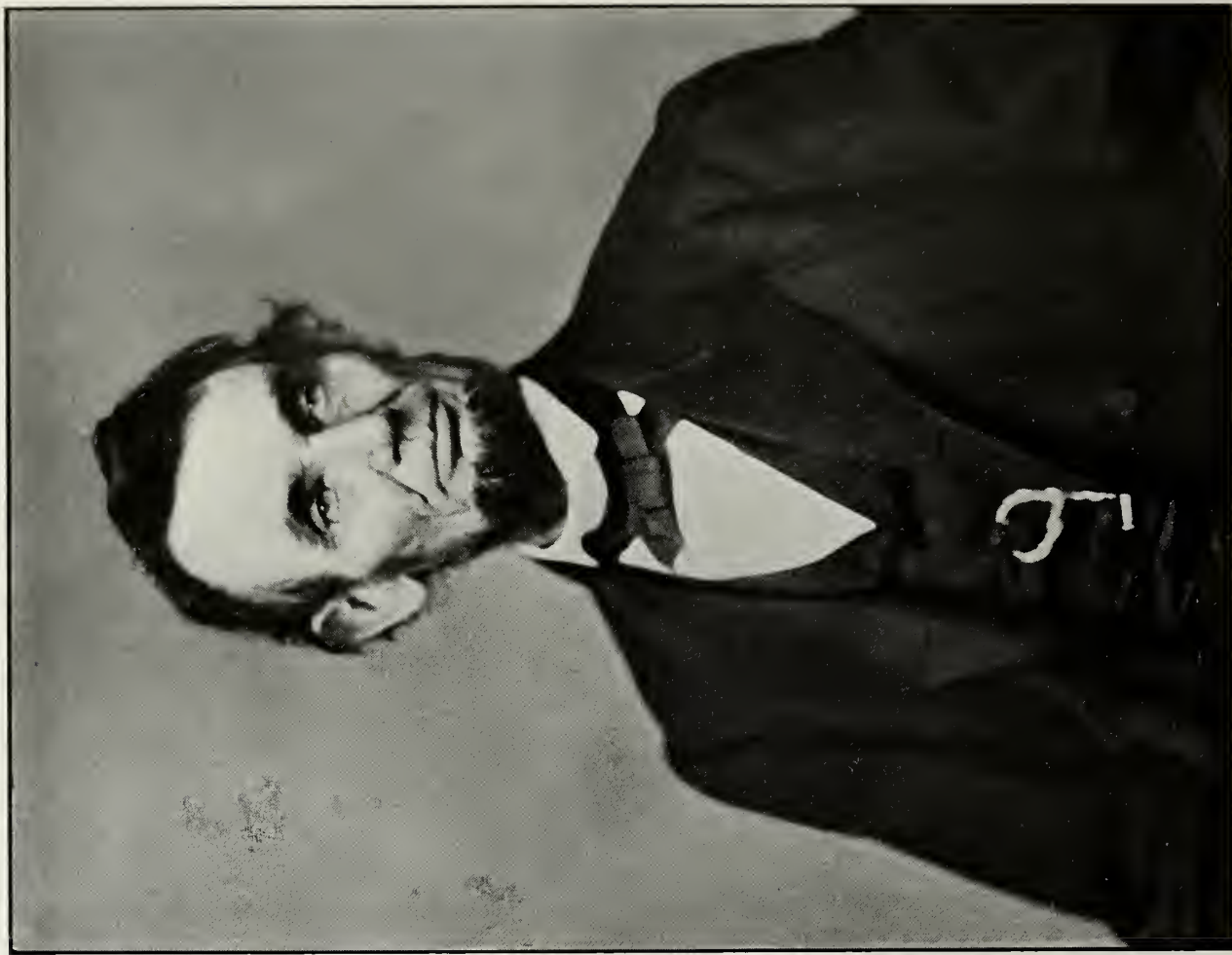
Courtesy of Truman H. Bartlett, Esq.

From photographs by Hesler at Springfield, Ill., June 1860. Notice the serenity of this face, the total absence of melancholy; observe rather an all-pervading sense of humor. Note the alert gray eyes full of fire. Note the construction of the head, like that of a Roman general, and also the expression of calm confidence such as we look for in the face of a conqueror. Neither of these photographs was retouched "to stippie out" a single line.



Courtesy of Major Emory S. Turner. From the Lambert Collection. Photographed in 1860

One of the earliest pictures of Lincoln, recalls the wonderful bust of Cæsar in the National Gallery in London, radiating the supreme courage, self-reliance and serenity of soul we look for in a natural leader of men. Kindness—no sadness nor slave-spirit here!



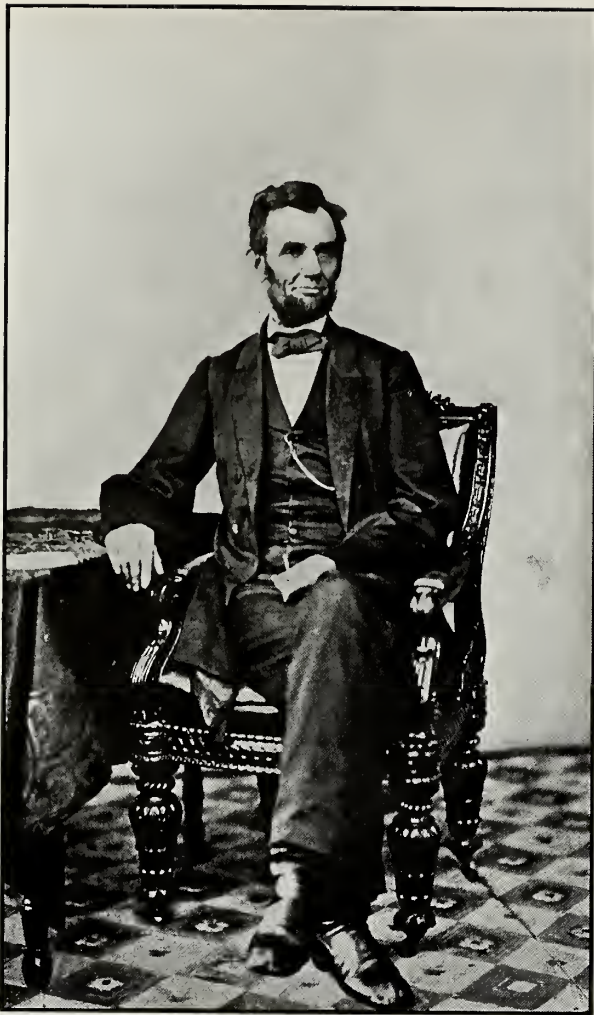
F. H. Meserve Collection No. 87. From Photograph by Brady in 1864

Taken near the close of his career, after four years of fighting. Only an accentuation of the spiritual characteristics we observe in the other picture. In spite of the ordeal passed through no driving patheticism weakens this face. He looks every inch a conqueror who dominated his time.



From Photographs by van der Weyde

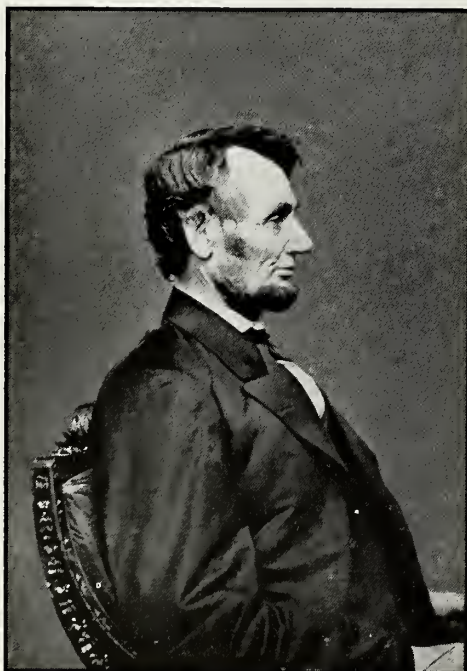
On foregoing pages excellent photographs—all untouched—show how Lincoln looked at the beginning and near the end of his public career. Here are photographs of a bust by Mr. Barnard which certain magazines have printed as the head on the replicas proposed for London and Paris. This is not the head of the "Lincoln" erected in Cincinnati; it is even worse: showing Lincoln as an aged, sullen, defeated, frightened man, or as he might have looked had he been condemned to the gallows. An attempt to realize the false-pathetic fallacy created by certain writers. Had he looked like this in 1860 he would never have become President because he could never have roused the confidence of the people. Note exaggeration of the depressions in the cheeks; also the wrinkles on the side of the nose, no suggestion of which is found in any photograph or in the life-mask.



Courtesy of Truman H. Bartlett, Esq.

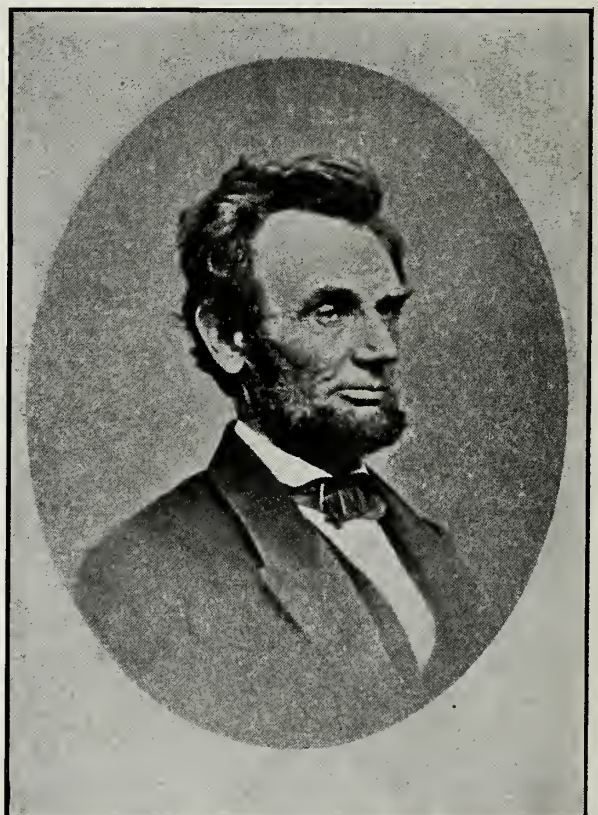


Photographs taken November 1863 on the Sunday previous to his Gettysburg address show that Lincoln had slender, well-shaped and proportioned hands and feet for a man of his size. Note the habitual expression of perfect serenity even in the midst of the war.



From No. 82 in the Collection of F. H. Mcserve

Photograph by Brady in 1864, unretouched. No sadness or melancholy in this face. A fine picture.



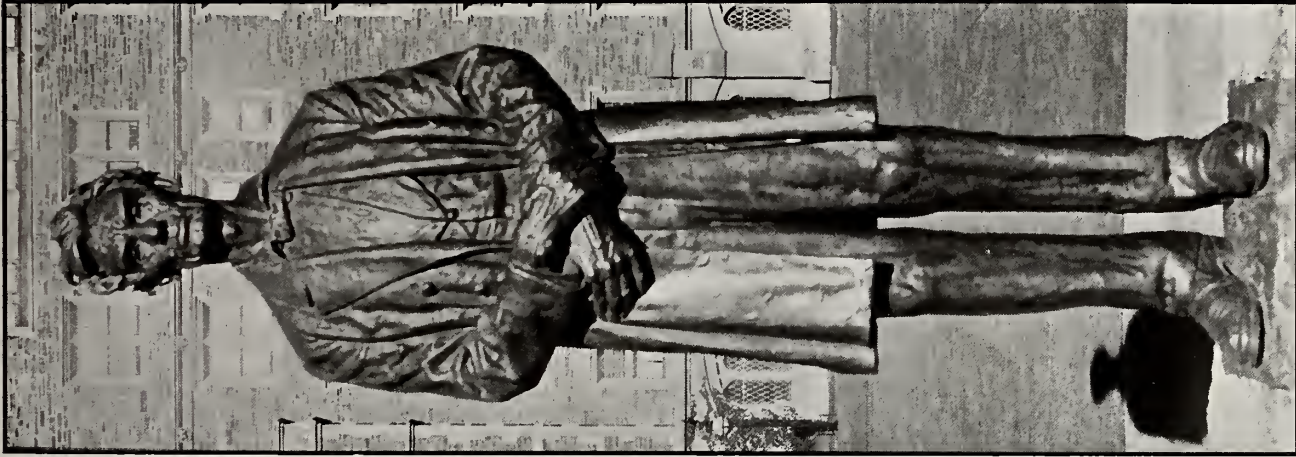
Courtesy of Truman H. Bartlett, Esq.

From photographs made by Brooks on the Sunday before the Gettysburg address. No melancholy in this face but an expression of supreme confidence of a man knowing that he is master of the situation. In many respects the finest picture ever made of Lincoln.



Copyright by George Gray Barnard

Showing how Mr. Barnard's "Lincoln" appears when looked at nearer to and from below.



Copyright by George Gray Barnard

FRONT VIEW OF MR. BARNARD'S "LINCOLN"
Exaggerating the size of his hands, etc., also showing a deliberately introduced element of slouchiness by putting the collar of the coat under a point of the shirt collar and other suggestions of slouchiness untrue to Lincoln.



Copyright, Perry Studio

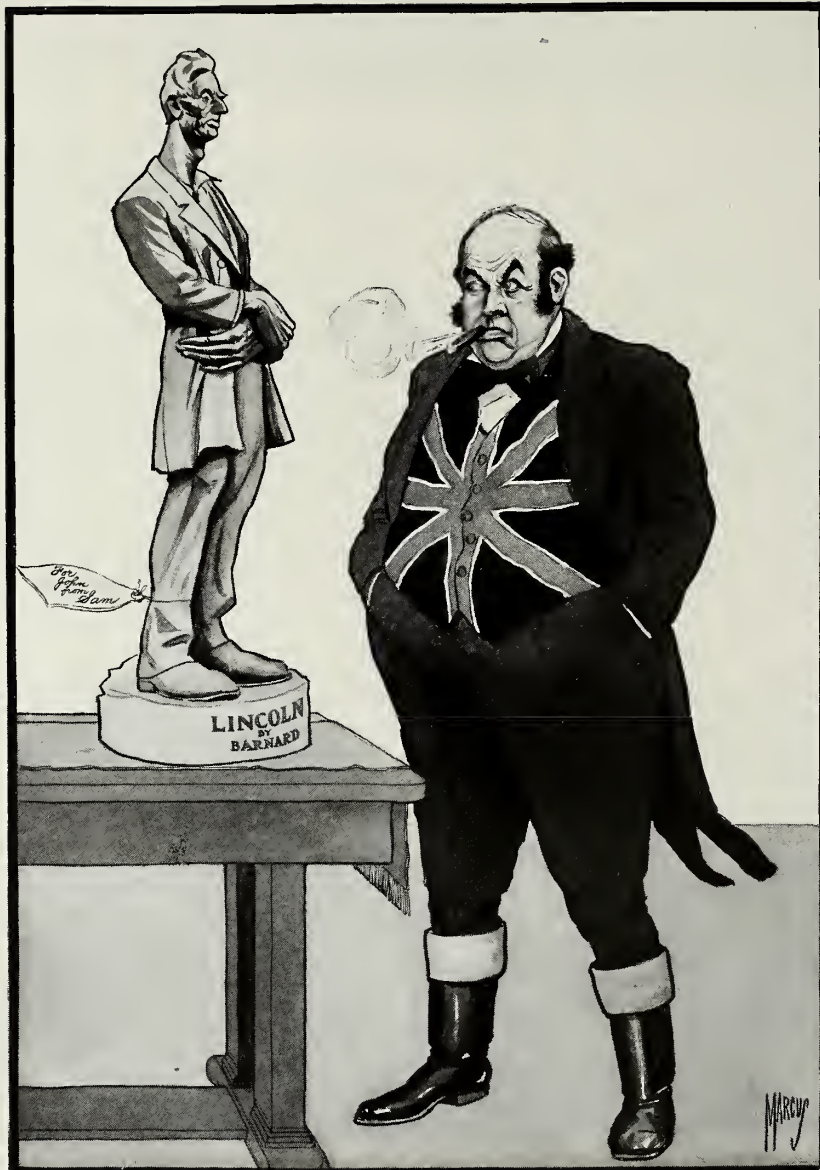
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE STATUE
Showing Lincoln pressing his hands over his stomach as if he had the colic, or as if he were meekly submitting to some tragic fate.



Copyright by George Gray Barnard

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE STATUE
Showing the clumsy and lumpy feet, utterly untrue to Lincoln

Engravings of Mr. Barnard's statue repeated to complete the record. Instead of showing the man who dominated his time it makes Lincoln look like a slave of the hook worm sold at the block, meekly submitting to fate. It is principally that slavish spirit which radiates from this statue which makes it execrable and utterly unfit to represent Lincoln and the American people in the capitals of Europe.



Courtesy of the Life Publishing Co.

THE GIFT

John Bull: I think I'll get Barnard to make one of Lord Nelson and give it to Sam and see how he likes it.

Reproduced from *Life* of November 29th, 1917.

We wonder if this capital cartoon by Mr. Marcus will stimulate the American people to look at the project of sending the "Lincoln" by Mr. Barnard to London and Paris from the standpoint of its political significance and consequently of the importance of sending statues over there which will represent the sentiments and ideas the American people entertain towards Lincoln.

Who makes by force his merit known
 And lives to clutch the golden keys,
 To mould a mighty state's decrees,
 And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
 Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
 The pillar of a people's hope,
 The center of a world's desire.

We publish more photographs of Lincoln, all showing the abounding serenity of soul and the never-failing sense of humor of a man who feels sure of his leadership and ability to overcome any crisis, all without a trace of sadness or melancholy.

We publish also two photographs of the new head of Lincoln by Mr. Barnard which—so it seems—either has been or will be *substituted* for the head now on the Cincinnati Lincoln and placed on the replica intended for Europe. These photographs show a head that is a libel on Lincoln. Not only is it totally false as to construction and character, but the spiritual mood expressed is a reflex of the neurotic patheticism that seems to haunt Mr. Barnard and his spiritual congeners. The face looks as if Lincoln had been a sullen malcontent and was facing a court to be sentenced to be hanged, or like a man who was about to see the world explode. It is a whine or a whimper solidified in plaster. Moreover, on the side of the nose are three wrinkles, such as one sees in a snarling beast, which every physiognomist knows are found permanently only on the noses of moral crooks. After having carefully examined the photographs, which we did not have before, and having reconsidered the matter, we consider this new head worse than the one on the Cincinnati statue.

But when will the people who are trying to force this statue on an innocent world see the point—that it is not so much the foolishly idealized face of the statue, nor the clothes, that horrify people as the conception, composition and expression—as a whole—the slavish attitude, the slave spirit, the slave's hands and feet? Do they think this effigy of a hobo—slave—will appeal to the sturdy, virile working man of the world? If so, they dream!

The attitude of Sir Alfred Mond, Commissioner of Works of London, in this matter—that “a gift-horse should not be looked in the mouth” would be correct, if the statue were the gift of the American people through its duly accredited representatives. But this is not the case. The statue is to be the gift of a private individual responsible to, and representing, no one. And the prospect of seeing this degenerate statue lampooning for centuries our most beloved President in the capitals of Europe is positively hateful to Americans. Hence we take the liberty of warning Sir Alfred that his attitude is incorrect, and that, if he does not change it, if he allows or helps the statue to be finally erected in London against the opposition of the overwhelming majority of the citizens and press of America, he will assume a heavy responsibility.

For, just as surely as this atrocious libel on Lincoln is erected in London, there will be developed in this country a suspicion—that the English people

are secretly not averse to seeing a caricature of Lincoln set up in London “for jackdaws to peck at.” And should the English committee not—by a veto of this *private scheme*—save America from being humiliated and Lincoln from being calumniated in bronze, slowly but surely there will be developed a feeling of resentment in this country which will continue as long as the statue remains on a pedestal, and the admiration we positively now feel for them will begin to evaporate. Because nations like individuals do not love those who have either through calculation or indifference assisted in their humiliation. “The only way to have a friend is to be one” said Michelet. And a friend will protect his friend—above all from a calumny such as this statue would be on Lincoln and the American people.

In fact the English people morally have no right to accept *as a gift from the American people* a private donation of any statue of any of our Presidents and allow it to be erected in London, above all when the statue is denounced by the son of that President, and the majority of our citizens as a monstrous libel.

Of course we are sorry for the A. P. C. Committee. They have made a colossal mistake, as is proven by Mr. Randall Blackshaw in his letter to the *New York Times* of November 30th, 1917, in which he says:

But “public sentiment” has never approved this particular work of art. The American “Hundred Years of Peace” Committee promised to give a statue of Lincoln to London, the understanding being that it was to be a replica of the St. Gaudens monument. When it appeared that the necessary funds could not be raised, the committee's representative asked Charles P. Taft, who had given the Barnard statue to Cincinnati, to furnish a replica for London and got a favorable and generous reply. There the matter stands.

Unless Mr. Taft can be induced to cancel his consent or London can be prevailed upon to ignore a “public sentiment” which does not exist in connection with Mr. Barnard's work, the truth as to a great man's appearance and attributes is to be perverted in the minds of every Londoner and visitor to London in the next 500 or 1,000 years.

They all made a mistake, including Mr. Barnard and Mr. Taft, and if they will only have the courage to admit it and withdraw that statue, and let the American people provide the statue—through its chosen representatives—all will be well.

We dare the A. P. C. Committee to show the moral courage to confess having made a mistake (nothing more noble and comforting); to come out in the open; to unbox the statue and place it on exhibition in this city; and to abide by the *written* vote of the combined literary and art societies and social clubs of this city and of the National Commission of Fine Arts of Washington, which they also know are overwhelmingly against the statue.

Also we dare the Committee to produce letters from the artists John S. Sargent, Charles Dana Gibson and Daniel C. French, declaring that they approve—not *some* of Mr. Barnard's work, but his present Lincoln statue. Certain friends of Mr. Barnard have printed that these artists did approve the statue. We have good reason for believing this

not true and the Committee has never denied the statement—thus, by silence, endorsing what to us appears a fraudulent claim.

THE PUBLIC ON THE LINCOLN MATTER

FROM HON. ANDREW D. WHITE, CORNELL UNIVERSITY

November 22, 1917.

F. W. RUCKSTUHL, Esq.

Dear Sir.—Returning home after an absence of three months in a distant part of the country during which I have been obliged to neglect my letters, I find yours of August 24 regarding the proposed replica of a Lincoln statue for England. I have a strong feeling that when the form and face and attitude of Lincoln can be represented by a replica of such a statue as that by St. Gaudens, it is monstrous to send the figure to which you refer.

I saw Lincoln once and listened to him during his lifetime and I also looked upon his form after death, and my remembrance of him is of a man far more noble and impressive in appearance than the statue to which you refer. The statue of St. Gaudens at Chicago brings him back to me as he was and brings out the rugged grandeur of the man as we saw him in those great days of his life.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

ANDREW D. WHITE.

FROM THE "WASHINGTON HERALD" OF NOVEMBER 24, 1917

BY WALDEMAR TOWNER

In a recent editorial, commenting on the Barnard statue, the *New York Times* says: "The Barnard statue may present the legs and feet and the awkwardest of the poses, but not what shone through. It is what shone through that should be perpetuated; for this was a part, the most important part, of Lincoln, the man as he seemed to those who saw him. The portrait that leaves it out leaves out the chief thing and is an untrue portrait. The picture of him as he rose to answer Douglas at Alton was printed on Francis Grierson's memory—and the 'ungainly mouth,' the 'long bony limbs,' they were not Abraham Lincoln, nor did they take the most prominent place in the memory of him that Grierson carried away from Alton."

On Tuesday evening, November 21, at the Lincoln Memorial dinner in New York, the subject of Lincoln's personality was again discussed, this time by some of the greatest speakers in America, headed by United States Attorney-General Gregory, who, in a masterly speech, held the close attention of his hearers for more than an hour.

After Mr. Gregory had finished, Francis Grierson was called on for a speech, he being the only one who heard the epoch-making Lincoln-Douglas debate. Mr. Grierson said, in part:

"Among the many good things the war has brought us not the least is the keen interest in the personality of Abraham Lincoln manifest by English students of American democracy. So great is this interest that Mr. Lloyd George has quite recently found time to read a work which describes Lincoln as he appeared on the public platform. Never has the personality of the great President been discussed with such an ardent desire to understand the man, his work and his ideals.

"This interest has been brought to an acute point by the presentation of a statue of Lincoln to be set up in London. Unfortunately, there is a superstition that has taken root in the minds of many well-meaning people that typical democrats must of necessity be ugly and uncouth. There is a delusion that if a man believes in democracy he must feel like a dyspeptic and look like an imbecile.

"Some of our sculptors are obsessed with the notion that great ideas must produce colic, great sincerity liver trouble, and great political perplexity a collapse in the region of the solar plexus. In one statue Lincoln is depicted as a hungry hobo with his hands holding his stomach. Must a man lose all appearance of nobility because he possesses an original mind? Must a man look forlorn because he thinks clearly, reasons logically and feels profoundly? Lincoln, perhaps more than another, possessed the distinction that belongs to supreme personality; and personality is composed of four things—absolute sincerity, absolute self-confidence, an invincible moral courage and a comprehensive intelligence.

"I object to democracy being typified as devoid of distinction. Lincoln, as we saw him in the last debate with

Douglas at Alton, presented a wonderful picture of the difference between assumed dignity and the dignity imparted by the grace of God. The 'Little Giant' had to face a mountain of sincerity which could not be shaken by political sophistry. Lincoln, as we saw him then, was simple, calm and unaffected, his face stamped with that serenity that implies power without fear and wisdom without folly. For these reasons it is not permissible to depict this genial giant as one restrained by meekness, hampered by humility, rendered tractable and negative by adversity and opposition.

"When he rose to confront his formidable rival it seemed as if he combined in his very presence the tablets of the fundamental laws of justice, common-sense, progress and democracy. As a condor is greater than a sparrow, so Lincoln's genius carried his hearers to heights unknown to the restricted vision of Douglas.

"To look at some of the statues of Lincoln one would suppose he lacked a sense of humor as well as a sense of repose and power. Humor was the balance-pole with which he crossed the Niagara of Civil War without once losing his power, and I for one object to seeing this man represented as a weak sentimentalist who had a violent reaction after every speech and a collapse after Ball's Bluff and Bull Run. It is an unpardonable blunder to depict him as a sentimental dreamer, a visionary invalid or a man without will, and the time is at hand when a statue of Lincoln as he looked, without adding to or taking from the head and body, should be sent to London and to all our Allies. The Lincoln Memorial University could do no greater work than to become spokesman for such a movement, and I suggest that Dr. John Wesley Hill, Chancellor of the University, is the right man to undertake such a task.

"After Francis Grierson's speech ex-United States Senator Charles A. Towne offered a resolution in conformity with Mr. Grierson's suggestion, calling upon Chancellor Hill to undertake arrangements for life-like statues of the great Emancipator to be placed in all the leading capitals of the nations allied together in defence of democracy, which resolution was unanimously adopted."

FROM THE "LONDON DAILY TELEGRAPH"

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph":

Sir.—When I first saw the Barnard Lincoln I did not, of course, even know that it was meant to be a Lincoln. I wrote in my notebook: "Interesting medical exhibit—village drunkard, caught in deliberate lie, and beginning to suffer from ulcer of the stomach." And it was not until long afterwards that I realized what a bull I had made. It isn't that I do not admire Barnard's work. It is unique. It is doubtful if Michelangelo or Phidias would even have thought of making a statue like this one. But it must not be shown in London—not publicly anyway—anyway not now, just when all of us are trying to be friends. It may be that we Americans deserve to be punished for not coming into the war two years ago; it may be that we deserve to be punished for not being prepared to come into it now; but we do not deserve to have our sense of the ridiculous doubted. We do not deserve to have our Lincoln caricatured to make great London laugh.

Our Lincoln? Your Lincoln!

It was at Gettysburg that he said in effect: "Let us here highly resolve that these heroic dead shall not have died in vain." And it was not only the dead of Gettysburg that he had in mind. Surely, in his prophetic soul there was also some premonition of that road to Calais which, with their bare breasts, men of the very blood from which he was sprung were to block at Ypres. Your Lincoln and our Lincoln needs no graven travesty of himself to be empedestaled in London town. Let us rather, if there is any decency in us, vote upon that high resolution of his, and throughout the whole world make it a law.

Yours, etc.,

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Claridge's Hotel, Brook Street,
October 30th, 1917.

MEDICAL ASPECTS OF THE BARNARD BRONZE

115 Johnson Street, Brooklyn,

December 2nd, 1917

EDITOR THE ART WORLD.

Dear Sir.—The enclosed contribution to the Barnard statue controversy I think makes clear the whole unfortunate situation.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) ARTHUR C. JACOBSON, M.D.

Dr. Jacobson enclosed with this letter a copy of a full-page article printed in the *New York American* of December 2nd. We quote from this article the following paragraphs:

BY ARTHUR C. JACOBSON, M.D.
Associate Editor of the "Medical Times"

In the bitter controversy over the statue of Lincoln made by George Gray Barnard for the city of Cincinnati a very definite medical phase is involved that has not heretofore been pointed out. The wrath of the statue's distinguished critics has a sound scientific basis in the fact that Barnard's model was undoubtedly a victim of a rare disease possessing most unpleasant characteristics, and that many of these characteristics have been unwittingly produced by the noted sculptor in his bronze figure of the martyr President.

Mr. Barnard has told how he selected as a model for the statue an uncouth Kentuckian with abnormally large hands and feet. These and other of this man's physical traits are strongly suggestive of acromegaly, a disease which while rare is quite well understood and quite easily recognized. A study of the many illustrations of the statue which have appeared confirms the diagnosis and makes certain that the model for the statue was one whose body had been hopelessly distorted by the ravages of this disease.

The Barnard statue is nothing more or less than a clinic in sculpture in no wise representative of the great President. Lincoln's hands and feet were not disproportionate to his size, as an acromegalic's are, a fact amply proven by his photographs and by the casts in the Smithsonian Institution.

The proposed erection of replicas of this statue in Paris and London threatens an outrage against art and truth and a sacred memory of the American people that would not be possible for perpetration, were it generally known what the statue connotes to medical science.

Acromegaly was first described in 1886, and later it was demonstrated that the disease is due to changes in the hypophysis, a glandular structure at the base of the brain, the secretion of which has much to do with the body's growth. . . .

Dr. Jacobson then describes the disease. He then says:

"Art's virtue is to reveal, not to obscure. It is a power to make plain hidden things," writes Mr. Barnard. In this case an acromegalic Kentuckian has been dragged into the open.

"The mystery of this whole form nature alone knows—man will never fathom it. To the medical profession it ceased to be a mystery in 1886.

"An imaginary Lincoln is an insult to the American people, a thwarting of democracy. No imitation tool of any artist's conception, but the tool God and Lincoln made—Lincoln himself—must be shown." If an imaginary statue is an insult, what shall be said of this real one, representing an uncouth Kentuckian with a diseased hypophysis who in life is not a tool of any kind, and in the bronze made by Barnard nothing but the hospital clinic crystallized? . . .

George Gray Barnard's genius and power are conceded. He has simply been a victim of the legend that is responsible for the conception of the great President as a grotesque gawk, and he must not be permitted to cast a disease in bronze, mount it upon a pedestal and call it Lincoln. For such a sacrilege there can be no justification in art.

The following open letter is from Mr. Raymond, formerly Professor of Oratory, Aesthetics and Criticism at Princeton College. It appeared in the *American Art Magazine* for December.

Washington, D. C.
November 1917

To the Editor of the "American Magazine of Art":

Please allow me to thank you for your endeavor to prevent having Mr. Barnard's statue of Lincoln copied and erected in London and Paris, grounding your plea upon the request of Mr. Lincoln's son.

Besides the discourtesy to Mr. Robert Lincoln which the erection of this statue would involve, there is an objection

to it, of which, owing to its being somewhat less obvious than are others, I have not yet seen any mention. It involves the violation of a principle that I happen to have been trying for many years, especially in my book on "Painting, Sculpture and Architecture as Representative Arts," to get artists and art-critics to recognize more clearly than they do. The principle is that, especially in the human form, but also in natural scenery and architecture, every color and outline, as well as "Every little movement has a meaning of its own." One need not carry this principle to extremes in order to realize that while Mr. Barnard's statue would be interesting and important if presented as an ideal with another name, to attach Lincoln's name to it is artistically as well as historically, and, in a sense, morally wrong. Lincoln, when living, was a man who had high square shoulders and habitually carried his head in a bending attitude with the brow forward. The Barnard statue is that of a man with sloping shoulders carrying his head erect with the brow thrown back and the chin, if anything, forward. One who has read even carelessly works like those of Lavater, Gall or Delsarte will recognize that these different effects in form and pose are necessarily significant of different mental characteristics. An expert, too, would feel justified in saying that, by accurately reproducing the exact appearance of Lincoln the statue of St. Gaudens at Chicago had represented a man whose broad sympathy, humility of spirit, and feeling of responsibility to and for others were so balanced by independent, advanced and, at the same time, comprehensive thinking, that he could become just the conservative yet radical leader of public opinion that Lincoln was. The man represented in Mr. Barnard's statue might have had excellent qualities for work of a different kind from Lincoln's. But unless these qualities had been counterbalanced by traits not indicated in his appearance, he would have joined the popular cry and made war upon England over the Mason and Slidell affair; and would have followed his own conceptions and emancipated the slaves long before the pro-slavery party of the North had been prepared to consider the measure an act of justice.

The clothing in the Barnard statue is also misrepresented. Lincoln was a man of great common-sense, flexible to the effects of outward influence, as shown in his superlative tact and was at all times a master of details. All these traits would have prevented him at any time in his life from being so heedless of the impression that he might convey to others as to allow himself to suggest the untidiness and unthrift depicted in the Barnard statue.

I happen to be able to back this theory with reference to what he would do with the testimony of fact. In 1856, I think—at least long before the debates with Douglas—my father was a member of an Illinois State Convention. He came back to Chicago, which was then his home, full of admiration for a man named Lincoln, from whom he had heard a speech. "That man," he said, "will be President some day—at least, if I can bring it about." My father was a very conservative old-line Whig, inclined to be aristocratic in his tastes. He never would have supposed one who looked like Mr. Barnard's statue a fit candidate for the Presidency. In fact, the country has never chosen such a man for its highest office. It has had millions of men who have risen to prominence after starting out as "rail-splitters" or "canal-drivers." It is the glory of our country that this is the case, that our institutions, to an extent not possible in most monarchies, make it so. But this fact does not justify erecting the statue of a "rail-splitter" and labeling it an "American President." By the time a man has become a President he has also become a presentable, if not, in every regard, a cultivated and finished gentleman.

Some time after the convention of which I have spoken, Mr. Lincoln visited Chicago, and my father took me to see him. In that visit, curiously enough, in view of the testimony that I am trying to use now, I noticed particularly how Mr. Lincoln was dressed; and, curiously enough, too, the reason for this was that the newspapers of the day had stated—very likely as an advertisement for one of the city's best tailors—that he was to wait in the city a day or two for a new suit of clothes that he had ordered. Many times after that, I saw Mr. Lincoln at the White House, and I stood within a very few feet of him when he delivered his second Inaugural. He was always well-dressed.

The truth seems to be that Mr. Barnard has taken at their surface value the political misrepresentations of him that were made at the time of his first political campaign. It is unfortunate to have them recalled now in such a way as to influence certain people—though, of course, not all of them—to discredit him, and the institutions that produced him. When I was in Germany in 1906 and found myself

standing before its many statues of Frederick the Great and Bismarck—two of the latter immense figures of the man almost as high as a church steeple—I found myself—even at the risk of proving to be something of a Pharisee—thanking God that in my country we had no statues of men who had openly acknowledged their willingness to be mendacious, unjust, and personally doers of evil in other regards, in order to promote the supposed good of their nation. That thankfulness of mine was owing to a conception that I had with reference to the influence of public statues upon the ideas of a people. Recent events have proved that my conception was right.

Any statue of Mr. Lincoln would call attention to democracy and to the good done by a man who succeeded in securing its benefits for an oppressed race. But a statue can do more than this. It can show what democracy is fitted to do for the man himself whom the statue represents. Some may doubt this. They may think that only an expert bothers himself by trying to interpret the meaning behind form. But an expert can read only what is there; and whatever is there, millions of the people can feel and apprehend, even though they may not be able to comprehend it or the reason for it. Small boys cannot explain the meanings of gestures; but if you shake your fist at them, or point your finger, or push with your open hand, they will have no difficulty whatever in understanding what they are expected to do. Besides this, moreover, a statue of a great man should, if possible, inspire admiration and fame for the spectator and ideal.

Strange as it may seem, this Barnard conception has already led to the disparaging of Lincoln as an ideal. The *Outlook* for October 17th, in defending the statue, says: "Lincoln had a gentler and tenderer nature than Cromwell, but although he had benignity he cannot be said to have had charm."

I wish that the writer of this could have seen Lincoln. He certainly charmed my father and myself; and I had a friend particularly sensitive to æsthetic influences, who, after an interview with him, never, to the end of his life, got over expressing his admiration for the refined and delicate outlines, and the beauty, as he termed it, of Lincoln's face. But such opinions are matters of taste, and, perhaps, of opportunity. In repose, Mr. Lincoln's face was not what it was when interested.

There is no justification whatever for a statue of the Great Emancipator that—not to speak of other traits—suggests no trace of "gentleness, tenderness or benignity." How any one should want to have such a misrepresentation erected anywhere is as inconceivable as is the strange inconsiderateness of those who are willing to see it erected

in spite of the requests and protests of Mr. Lincoln's own family.

Very sincerely
GEORGE L. RAYMOND

WANTS PUBLIC TO PASS ON BARNARD'S
"LINCOLN"

UNION LEAGUE CLUB ASKS THAT REPLICA BE PUT ON VIEW
BEFORE COPIES GO ABROAD

Controversy over the statue of Lincoln by George Gray Barnard was revived yesterday by a resolution of the Union League Club asking that a replica be shown in a public place in the city before copies are sent to London and Paris as expressions of American friendliness.

The statue was made by order of Charles P. Taft, who presented it to Cincinnati, where it has been placed in a park. Mr. Taft afterward offered to give replicas to England and France, as from the American people. Previously, at the time of preparations for the centenary of 100 years of peace among English-speaking nations, it was proposed to supply replicas of the Saint-Gaudens statue of Lincoln in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and the British Parliament voted a site for the gift in Parliament Square, London.

War suspended the project, and as the site in London was available, Mr. Taft suggested that a Barnard replica occupy it. A similar offer was made to France. Preparations to ship the gifts raised a storm of protest that the Barnard statue was unlike Lincoln and unworthy as a gift. It represented Lincoln as a gaunt, uncouth figure. Robert T. Lincoln, the ex-President's son, was one of the most strenuous objectors to it.

Harry W. Watrous, Chairman of the Committee on Art, offered the Union League Club resolution and Judge Mortimer C. Addoms seconded it at a meeting Thursday night, at which it was adopted. It reads, in part:

"While it is true it (the Barnard statue) was shown a year ago in the courtyard of the Union Theological Seminary, 120th Street and Broadway, this was before it was generally understood that replicas were to be offered England and France. Since then the only means of judging this statue have been by photographs, which at best are unsatisfactory. Therefore, the Union League Club considers it due our citizens that this request be granted.

"Resolved, That the donors or the committee in charge are hereby requested by the Union League Club to give our citizens an opportunity to view this statue by erecting it temporarily in some out-of-door place in the City of New York which is easy of access."

Reprinted from the "New York World," December 15, 1917.

THE BARNARD "LINCOLN"

I look upon this monstrous figure, cast
In bronze, designed for centuries to last
And represent to ages yet to be
The noblest scion of Democracy;
Whose lucid mind and daring spirit gave
The blessed boon of freedom to the slave
And to our nation, torn in awful strife,
A new sure hold on unity and life.

I scan this dull grotesque, and turn away
In painful doubt and wondering dismay,
Shamed by the thought of Lincoln thus belied
Here in the land for which he lived and died
And in the world's great capitals as well!
Is this the ringing story art should tell
Of that outstanding life which bound again
At frightful cost of wealth and life and pain
A Sundered nation? Can we let him be
Thus travestied for all futurity?

It may be true that Lincoln would have grown
Into the stolid clown who here is shown
If nature had withheld from him the gift
Of mind and spirit which availed to lift
Him from the level whereto he was born
And split the rails to fence his growing corn.

But he rose high above that low estate;
He took his place among the wise and great.
A grateful people reverence him to-day,
Not for the things from which he broke away
But for the splendid stature he attained.
Him would they reverence not, had he remained
A stupid yokel, wedded to the soil
And bowed beneath the weight of crushing toil.
His mind, his spirit, the great deeds he wrought,
The throes he suffered—did they count for nought?
Making no impress on his outward shell?
No accent in the tale which art should tell?

But even had he been a lumpish lout
Which there is ample reason we should doubt,
There were high moments when the light of truth
Shone on his person, though it were uncouth
And gave rare meanings to its common clay,
Eternal values to the passing day.
So art should manage, somehow, to suggest
The man illuminated, at his best,
And to interpret to futurity
The massiveness of mind, the majesty
Of soul, which made him tower above his time
A character unique, supreme, sublime!

Rayman F. Fritz